YANKEE BOY

WORDS BY
FRED. ZIEMER

MUSIC BY
J. R. SHANNON

WAR EDITION

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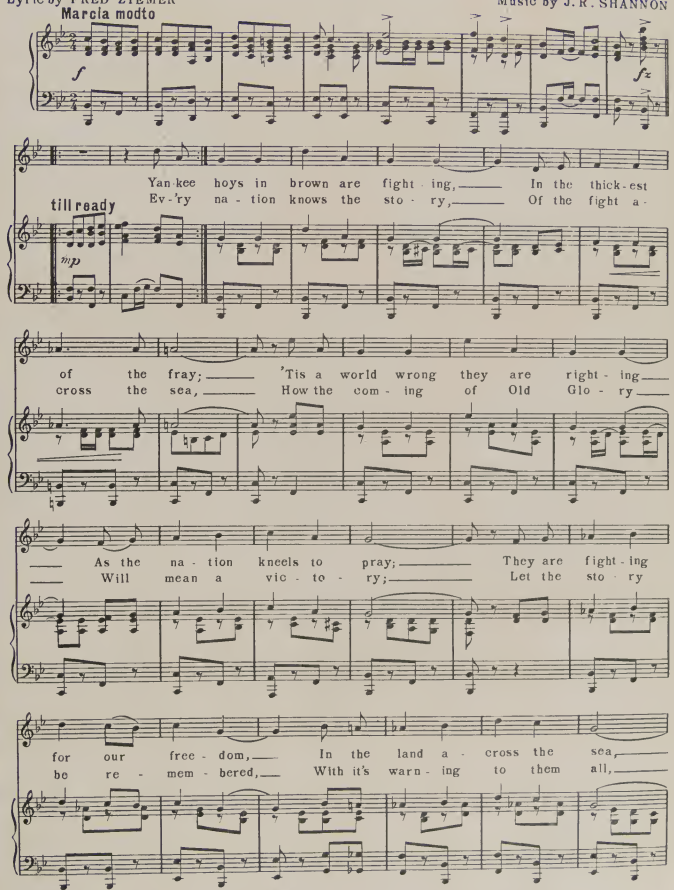
Music by J. R. SHANNON

Marcia modto
f
fz
Yan-kee boys in brown are fight-ing, In the thick-est
Ev-'ry na-tion knows the sto-ry, Of the fight a-
till ready
mp
of the fray; 'Tis a world wrong they are right-ing
cross the sea, How the com-ing of Old Glo-ry
As the na-tion kneels to pray; They are fight-ing
Will mean a vic-to-ry; Let the sto-ry
for our free-dom, In the land a-cross the sea,
be re-mem-bered, With it's warn-ing to them all,

This Composition may also be had for your Talking Machine or Player Piano.

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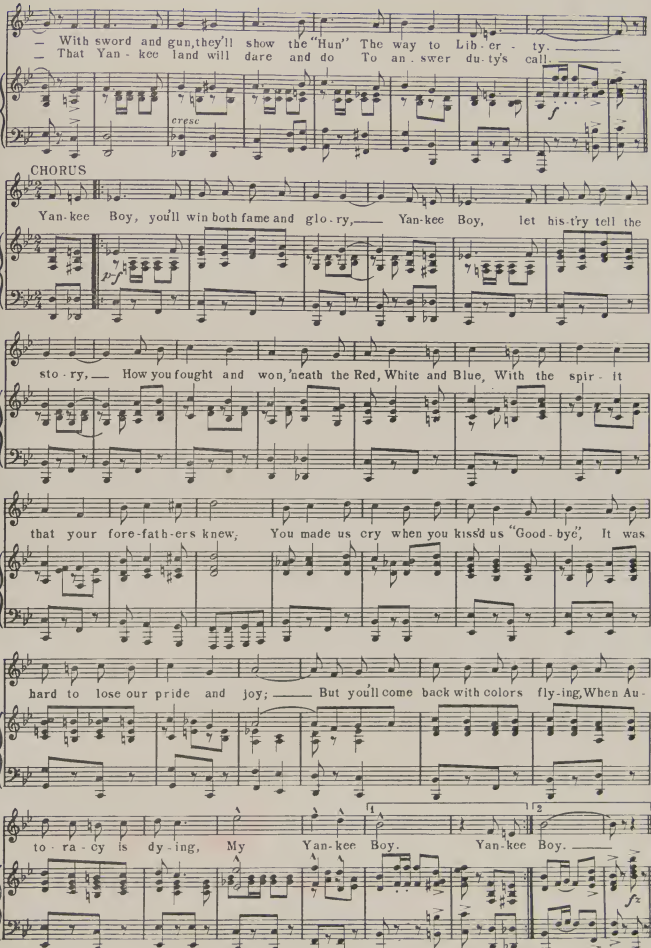
With sword and gun, they'll show the "Hun" The way to Lib-er-ty.
That Yan-kee land will dare and do To an-swer du-ty's call.
cresc
CHORUS
Yan-kee Boy, you'll win both fame and glo-ry, Yan-kee Boy, let his-t'ry tell the
sto-ry, How you fought and won, 'neath the Red, White and Blue, With the spir-it
that your fore-fath-ers knew; You made us cry when you kiss'd us "Good-bye", It was
hard to lose our pride and joy; But you'll come back with colors fly-ing, When Au-
to-ra-cy is dy-ing, My Yan-kee Boy. Yan-kee Boy.
1
2

SAMPLES AND TITLES OF LATEST
POPULAR HITS

When I Dream About that Southern Home of Mine

Words and Music By RAY SHERWOOD

Moderato

Oh Mis-ter Dream-man I think you're
My heart is sigh-ing, For days of
till ready

grand,— Whose pos-ses-sor-by the hand,— And show me Dix-ie-land,— You point a
pris-,— By that door old Swanee-shore,— Oh, take me there each morn,— Back to that

pic-ture that makes me schem— To be back with Dad and Mother, Lit-tle Sis and Brother,
old wood old man by the— And the low-pick ole-banjo, I can hear those darkies sing-ing soft and low,—

Chorus

You is my dream, I can hear those darkies sing-ing soft and low,—
It all seems true.

This composition may also be had for your Talking Machine or Player Piano

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Only A Memory of By-gone Days

Words and Music By H. C. WEAVER

Slow and Moderate

REFRAIN Slowly

On-ly a mem-'ry of by-gone days, in yon-der there to dwell.

On-ly a dream of yes-ter-years, and of the loved ones re-calling so well

In a dear yet tear-ful joys I know, or sad-ness I see,

Just a fond wish-ing of by-gone days, that's all the world to me.

Only a Memory 2

There's A Red Bordered Flag in the Window

Lyric by FRED ZITNER

There's a red bordered flag in our win-dow,

A Tale of the Fireside

Lyric by J.J. THORNTON

Music by J.B. SHANNON

Andante moderato

REFRAIN with feeling

A tale, A sigh, a tear dimm'd eye, A soft ly mur mured pray'r,

babe at rest on a moth-er's breast, her young ne yet to care,

note that rose from a vice there, tells how there in old Ken,

tale that's old, yet ne'er told, A tale of the fire side

A Tale of the Fireside

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